

CLASS *P* BOOK

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If Blood be the Price of Freedom

by

D. English Dallam, Jr.

W. English Dallam Jr.

D. ENGLISH DALLAM, JR.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1885

OCTOBER 13, 1918

—

**A MAN OF PEACE AND GENTLENESS, BUT
STEADFAST AS THE SUN**

—Stanza V

189640

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If Blood be the Price of Freedom

by

D. English Dallam, Jr.

For the sake of our children's children,
For the sake of our native land,
For the sake of the desolate millions crushed by Germany's iron hand—
Awake to the facts, America! The spendthrift years are o'er!
Our years of leisure, our years of pleasure,
Rich years, when Life yielded all in full measure,
Have gone—in a welter of blood and of treasure,
Have gone—to return no more.
Awake to the facts, America! Our Golden Age is past!
Though hearts grow weary and minds grow stale,
Though the tragedy deepens with each new tale,
We follow a trail where we dare not fail
Till the Victory comes at last.

I

Our fathers fought for Freedom, with their eyes on the shining goal,
With blood and tears for seven years they bought the Nation's soul;
From Lexington to Yorktown, through all the country side,
They fought and bled for a great ideal; they toiled, they strove, they died.
They won that war for Freedom, and, having won they sought
That the generations yet unborn should know what they had wrought,
That their sons should reap the harvest their own great deeds had sown,
The finest, greatest harvest that the world had ever known.
They gave their sons the right to live unhindered by a king;
They gave their sons the joys they knew true liberty would bring;
They gave their sons the land to love as a land where men were free,
And across the world of kings "divine" crept thoughts of Liberty.

II

They founded a Union of sovereign states, each separate state supreme,
But united in this,—that they never should bear allegiance to king or queen;
They formed and established the government that today is yours and mine,
And the Constitution their brains evolved has stood the test of time.
The leaders wrote it in black and white that everyone might read,
Avoid alliances abroad; they are not what we need.

Be friends with all the older lands but hold ourselves apart,
Aside from all entanglements that do not touch our heart.
So shall we build our country and our strength and wealth increase,
Unless in the madness of their kings the nations break our peace.
We have shed our blood for Liberty; keep thou this thought in mind!
The man who opposes Liberty is a foe to all mankind.

There's a tomb by the broad Potomac
Where the greatest Leader lies,
Be sure his spirit watches now
With calm, all-seeing eyes.
Be sure when war is on the land
He sees each flag unfurled;
Be sure he sees his sons go forth
For the Freedom of the world.

III

The years elapsed, the Fathers died, the infant nation grew,
Peopled by men of a valiant race, in a country fresh and new;
And some shipped goods to Europe and Europe asked for more,
And some stayed home and built the trade along our eastern shore;
But some there were, of the same strong breed, our reckless, restless, best,
Who left the seaboard and turned their steps to the trackless country West.
They fought through the timbered mountains, wild years of savage strife,
They suffered the tortures of the stake and the cruel scalping knife;
They fought for themselves and their women, each held his life in his hand;
They built their forts and trading posts and cleared the wooded land;
They opened the trade on the rivers, they shattered the Indian strength,
And in the fullness of vivid years, they laid them down at length.

IV

They fought and died on the frontier, so their sons might forge ahead,
And develop a white man's country in the paths where they had led.
Then over the Alleghenies, fresh, eager thousands poured,
New land, new scenes, new country, with the chances they afford.
We grew, we expanded, we prospered, we doubled our number of States,
We pushed our settlements westward toward the land of the Golden Gate.
The state of Texas came to us, and the great Southwest from Spain,
We planted our Central Basin with a thousand miles of grain;
We forced the frontier Westward, across the treeless land,
Till the snow-capped Rockies blocked the path; sublime, majestic, grand.
But while we developed and prospered, and our fame and our wealth spread afar,
A shadow hung o'er us for many a year, a spectre of deadly war.

V

Eternal dissension harassed us; criminal, terrible, strong;
 Can a State secede from the Union to continue a moral wrong?
 Can a Nation, created by freemen, exist half slave, half free?
 And the States of the newly-settled West,—what shall their future be?
 Destiny gave us the answer, writ by the gods of war;
 Four long years of bloodshed and the Old South was no more,
 Brother 'gainst brother, equal men, in a ghastly civil strife,
 Ruined South, a million dead, to save the Nation's life.
 A Man of Sorrows led us through the days of dark despair,
 Ungainly, homely, wonderful, with a heavy cross to bear,
 A man of peace and gentleness, but steadfast as the sun,
 Who would not swerve from the goal he sought till the bitter work was done.

There's a tomb on a hill at Springfield
 Where the murdered martyr lies,
 Be sure that in this hour of need.
 With calm, all-seeing eyes.
 Be sure that in this hour of need,
 When the whole world writhes in pain,
 With love and pride he sees us strike
 For Freedom once again.

VI

He healed the wounds of the country, then turned to our building again,
 He crossed and developed the mountains by the strength of our hardy men,
 Our pioneers pushed onward to the farther ocean's shore,
 They conquered the Indian, the desert, till the frontier was no more;
 Our towns grew into cities, our hamlets into towns,
 Our strength and wealth brought happiness, our genius won renown;
 The mountains yielded their treasures, silver and copper and gold,
 The prairies yielded their harvests, of a richness manifold.
 Lumber and coal and iron, cotton and oil and grain,
 These we have had in abundance to our own amazing gain,
 With a healthy, splendid climate, a bracing, restless air,
 And Freedom for each and every man with the chance of starting fair.

VII

But—we opened our gates to the scum of the world, and they came in a human flood
While we chirped of “assimilation” and said that the work was good.
The mills and sweatshops swallowed the throng and cried for more and more,
Till a thousand thousand came each year to our careless golden shore.
And many are useful citizens now, but thousands more are not,
And the sights of our greasy ghettos give the lie to the “melting pot.”
We boast of our famous public schools, and yet the figures say
That thousands cannot speak our tongue in the National Army today.
It is our mistake and a great mistake that aliens have not learned
That amalgamation within this nation is not a thing to be spurned;
They must learn that they owe a debt to the land where all men enter free,
And to live to themselves with their old ideals, is license, not liberty.

VIII

From the depths of our Northern forests, in the land of the ten-foot snows,
To the semi-tropic sunny South where the stately palm tree grows,
From the land of the cactus and alkali to the fields of the fruitful grain,
From resolute old New England to the Coast and back again,
From our roaring restless cities to our miles of rustling sage,
We have lived and died in plenty in a rich and peaceful age.
We have made and developed a continent in less than a hundred years
And today we stand world-powerful in the judgment of our peers;
A Union of eight and forty states controlled from the Capitol hill,
While a hundred million freemen speak to express the Nation's will.
From East to West, from Lakes to Gulf, we have built *within* our land,
Till the epoch-making August week when God stretched out his hand.

IX

We have had great resources, but what would they all avail
Had we not had men in the early days to blaze our wondrous trail,
Had we not had leaders to guide our steps on the road that we should tread,
Had we not been taught to keep the Faith for the sake of our famous dead?
Who were our former leaders, who were our pioneers?
What was the race that led us safe through the storms of our childhood years
Who were our earliest builders, whose names we respect and revere?
What was the race that gave us ideals, faith, and contempt for fear?
It was not the German who made us, it was not the Russian Jew,
It was not the Czech nor the Magyar, nor any of Austria's crew,
It was not the Turk or the Bulgar, it was not the Latin or Slav,
But—we look to the Anglo-Saxon strain for the best of all we have.

X

the race of adventurous, daring men, who have made Great Britain's name,
who have moulded the Younger Nations' lives and died untouched by fame,
the men who believe in Freedom, who believe in majority rule,
and that love of a king is a trifling thing that need not be taught in school;
the men with the ceaseless wanderlust; of little domestic worth,
who have planted the flag of their Motherland in the ends of all the earth,
who have carried civilization's torch across the Seven Seas,—
their hour of stress, remember now the debt we owe to these!
Theirs are our own ideals, theirs are our own beliefs,
and, though clouds are dark o'er the stricken world and the nations live in grief,
by the strength of our souls we shall conquer, in one year more, or ten,
and at the end we shall stand erect, as comrades of valiant men.

XI

we tilled our fields, we sowed our crops, our buildings scraped the sky,
we did not dream that in a week the world we knew could die,
we mocked at those who knew the truth, we laughed at Homer Lea,
what did our sleeping people care for the lands across the sea?
what did the inland farmer know about a Balkan state?
what did the Southern negro care for Belgium's tragic fate?
Let all the foolish nations fight! We are not over there!
The baseball race is very close! The war's not our affair!
Thus we dreamed with simple minds, in shop, or bank, or farm,
it was not ours to worry much; three thousand miles from harm.
Trapped in the sloth of plenty, conceited beyond all fear,
we took us time, most valuable time, ere we had ears to hear.

XII

sleeping in peace and quiet, filled with our noisy pride,
we took us time to realize the world of Law had died;
we took us months to understand in this enlightened age
that Attila and Genghiz Khan again were on the stage;
that all our years of peaceful work, comfort, content, and joy,
were hurled aside at a madman's whim, as a spoilt child breaks a toy,
and, to our appalling ignorance were added a thousand lies,
with the writings of slimy hyphenates to blind our puzzled eyes.
So on we dreamed, in ignorance that human life was cheap,
till the Lusitania crime of crimes aroused us from our sleep.
Remember now, oh, Britain and France! in the days of our devotion!
There are fifty million people here who have never seen the ocean.

XIII

We are lawless, undisciplined, careless; extravagant, wasteful, conceited,
These are the foes abroad at home, whose powers must be defeated.
We must return to our former ways, develop a sense of thrift,
We have paid for Freedom in treasure before, it will never come as a gift.
In the happy years of our vanished peace, of our energetic ease,
The world at large was inclined to think that our money grew on trees;
Our noisy tourists were known abroad for their reckless, wanton waste,
And because our wealth was easily won, we spent it in frantic haste.
Whatever was wanted we bought it, we did not consider the price,
But now we must learn what all Europe has learned—the spirit of sacrifice.
The honor of self-denial is a part of the price we must pay
For the years of our lazy luxurious peace, that the flames have swept away.

XIV

But now that our eyes are opened, the road lies clear ahead—
A long road, a sad road, through the fields of a million dead;
We are beating our ploughshares into swords, regretting the loss of time,
Ere we can take our place in force on civilization's line.
We are coming, France, we're coming, at least five million strong!
In one last war for Freedom, to right a world-wide wrong.
We have pledged our word we're coming, France, and our word is always good
We owe an ancient debt to thee, it shall be paid in blood.
The blood of our bravest and our best will mingle with thine own,
Till the lasting peace of victory brings triumphant armies home.
On land and sea it shall be proved that we do not forget
The debt which we have owed to you since the days of Lafayette.

There's a tomb outside of Paris
Where Freedom's champion lies.
Be sure his spirit watches now
With calm, all-seeing eyes.
Be sure he sees the sons of those
For whom he fought before,
Unsheathe the sword on France's soil
In the last great Holy War.

XV

Remember this, ye pacifists, weak-minded fools, take heed!

It is War that has saved our Nation's life in former times of need.
It was War that won us our Freedom, we could not have won it by peace;
It was savage War for many a year that gave us our increase.
It was War that opened our mountain lands; by War we settled the plain;
It was War that gave us our great Southwest, set free from the rule of Spain.
It was War which proved to a watching world our rights held good at sea;
It was War that determined we never should exist half slave, half free.
It was War that gave us the Islands in the far-off Tropic Zone;
By War we gave to Cuba a peace she had seldom known.
War may be Hell and a little besides, but the loss of a soul is worse,
And a War for the Freedom of all mankind is a blessing, not a curse.

XVI

Let blood be the price of Freedom,—we have paid the price before;
We will pay it again and again and again if ours is a righteous war.
Let blood be the price of Freedom,—we will pay till the last man serves,
That our country may have the future which its famous past deserves.
Let blood be the price of Freedom,—demanded by God on high,
We will pay the price to the ultimate end, ere we see our ideals die.
Let blood be the price of Freedom,—for the sake of our unborn sons
We will pay it now on a hundred fields by the tubes of the reeking guns.
Let blood be the price of Freedom,—so the Light of the World be saved,
We will die on the flaming fields of France, in the last of the Great Crusades.
Let blood be the price of Freedom,—be sure we shall pay the price!
We can make no peace with vermin,—nor treat with Antichrist!

